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The Republican and Louisville Commercial, 1 year, \$1.25.
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Fine Job Work a Specialty.

VOL. XI.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinal laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectively, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing Figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Co., only. In order to get the beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists. Price 25c per bottle.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad state, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, after taking CASCARETS, I feel fine. My liver is in good shape and I have no stomach trouble."

JOE. HARRINGTON, 201 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC
CASCARETS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Painless, Perfect. Take Good. No Food. Never Hurts. Weakens or Grips. No. 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Bottle 25c, 50c, 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 10.00, 25.00, 50.00, 100.00.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists.

It costs you nothing to try NO-TO-BAC. It is a sure cure for all cases of tobacco addiction. It is a sure cure for all cases of tobacco addiction. It is a sure cure for all cases of tobacco addiction.

STOP CHEWING TOBACCO.

NO-TO-BAC.

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THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1899.

The Republican is the best Advertising medium in this part of the country. Fine Job Work Done on Short Notice. Satisfaction to all Customers Guaranteed.

Subscription \$1 a year.

No. 50.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF THE GOEBEL TICKET.

This is the first convention which has met in Kentucky to nominate a State ticket since the division of the party; and it furnishes an object lesson of the character, value and influence of those Democrats who felt it their duty to stand by the old faith and maintain the ancient principles of the Democratic party. The State and the party can look upon this convention as some evidence of the capacity of the leaders to govern with decency, with good temper and with mission to law; of the loss or gain of the party by the exclusion of the sound money Democrats from the councils of the party. This convention and the proceedings of the Senate during the Senatorial election are of the same character; the same violence, the same disregard for the rights of others, the same open contempt for law and order. For four days Mr. Goebel sat in the chair of the Senate and violated every rule of parliamentary law, ever dictate of honesty, and defied the law and the rights of the fellow Senators. For six days Judge Redwine was in the chair of the Senate and violated every rule of parliamentary law, ever dictate of honesty, and defied the law and the rights of the fellow Senators. For six days Judge Redwine was in the chair of the Senate and violated every rule of parliamentary law, ever dictate of honesty, and defied the law and the rights of the fellow Senators.

The nomination of Mr. Goebel was not unexpected by the State and the closeness of the vote by which he was declared the nominee demonstrates the fact that he was rejected by the Democratic party at the primaries. He receives the declaration of nomination by stolen votes—votes deliberately flung by the Committee of Credentials and seated by the combination between him and poor Stone. If the delegates actually sent to the convention had been permitted to vote he would have been defeated. He is therefore not the nominee of the Democratic party; his nomination is not binding on any honest Democrat; his title to the nomination is precisely the title a horse thief has to a stolen horse. We put this simply because on this point there can be neither doubt, confusion nor uncertainty. And this will be pointed out with absolute clearness as the canvass progresses. Democrats may vote for Mr. Goebel in preference to the nominee of the Republican party, or because they do not know what other course to pursue; but no Democrat can vote for him under the excuse that he is the regular nominee of the party.

The platform is in no sense Democratic—it is pure Goebellism; and no Democrat is under any obligations to support that platform. We do not mean to say that Mr. Goebel believes in the principles enunciated. Mr. Goebel was a sound money man; a follower of Carlisle, Cleveland and that school of Democrats. He was elected to the Senate as such; in 1895 and in 1896, until after the primaries in Kentucky, he was supposed to be a sound money Democrat. What are his present views we do not pretend to know. But in State matters the platform commits the party to measures which are anti-Democratic and it adopted would be ruinous to the State. This platform was the fruit of the conspiracy between Goebel and Stone, and did not represent the opinions of the convention, and we do not believe that one third of the Democrats of Kentucky endorse those measures. At the primaries

WOMEN IN TROUBLE.

The Approach of Motherhood is the Occasion of Much Anxiety to All. Every woman dreads the ordeal through which she must pass in becoming a mother. The pain and suffering which is in store for her is a source of constant anxiety. Few are prepared to say nothing of the danger which the coming infant entails. The joyous anticipations with which she looks forward to baby's coming give way to an indescribable dread of the ordeal when she fully realizes the critical and trying event which will soon approach and have to be endured. Women should hail with delight a remedy which insures to them immunity from the pain, suffering and danger incidental to child-bearing. Such a remedy is now offered, and a woman need not fear longer the hour of childbirth. "Mother's Friend" is a scientific treatment—and if used before confinement, gently and surely prepares the body for the great requirements and changes it is undergoing, insures safety to both mother and child, and takes her through the event with comparative ease and comfort. This wonderful remedy is praised by every woman who has used it. What woman is not interested in "Mother's Friend"? This wonderful remedy has been tested and its priceless value proven by the experience of thousands of happy mothers who have used it during the most critical period of woman's life—the approach and culmination of motherhood. It has won their everlasting praise, for it gave them help and hope in their most trying hour and when they most needed. Every woman may some day need "Mother's Friend." The little book "Before Baby is Born" telling all about it, and what it should be used, will prove of great interest and benefit to all expectant mothers, and will be sent free to any address upon application to the Bristol Regulator Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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FROM A STONE MANAGER.

Georgetown, June 30.—To the Dispatch: Will you kindly allow me the use of your columns for an explanation to my personal friends. They know that for months I was the earnest advocate of the claims of Capt. Stone for the Democratic nomination for Governor; that I went to the Louisville convention to serve his interests and that before that convention ended I was working in Gen. Hardin's behalf. Prizing above all things the respect of my friends, I want them to know the reasons that controlled me. When I reached Louisville I was informed by Capt. Stone that he had made a combination with Mr. Goebel. I asked him the extent of the combination and was informed that it was to organize the convention and that wherever there was a contest the Hardin delegates were to be turned out of the convention.

The statement that two men seeking the high office of Governor of a once justly proud commonwealth had deliberately entered into such a compact to deprive the people of their representation was so astounding that I could scarcely credit the information. My first impressions was to inform Capt. Stone that I could no longer be his friend, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be better to wait and see if their compact could not be broken. I labored incessantly to that end, and on Thursday night at midnight had the pleasure of seeing Capt. Stone get into a carriage and drive to the Galt house to notify Mr. Goebel that his (Stone's) friends would not sustain such an agreement and that their contract was at an end.

This condition of affairs continued until 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, when Capt. Stone went to the convention hall where the committee on credentials was in session. I was talking with Capt. Stone when some one approached and told him Mr. Goebel wanted to see him. He left me and went to where Mr. Goebel was standing in the dark under the stairway. Five minutes later he returned and said: "Mr. Goebel says that if I will carry out our original agreement he will nominate me in the morning. Can I afford to refuse the nomination?" I immediately told him that if he purchased the nomination at such a price the people ought to beat him at the polls by 50,000 majority. I said to him also, if Mr. Goebel has made such a promise he has no idea of keeping it; he is only endeavoring to get you to tie your hands this afternoon that he may cut your throat in the morning. Stone replied: "I can't believe that he is so unscrupulous as that." Then I said, tie your hands now and be convinced to morrow. It is needless to say that he was thoroughly convinced before the next morning had gone by, but it was too late—he was in Mr. Goebel's power, who simply laughed at him for his credulity.

When Capt. Stone informed me that he would carry out his agreement with Goebel, I notified him that our relations were at an end. That agreement was carried out by the combined votes of Stone and Goebel, every contest was decided in their favor except two where the steal was so palpable and outrageous that some of their own forces revolted them to forego their purpose. More than 150 delegates opposed to Goebel were turned out of the convention or refused admission because of this agreement, and their places filled with men, most of whom were ready to do his bidding. The combination put in the chair a man who was willing to do anything his master told him, who would submit to the convention no motion made by the opposition, allow no appeal from any decision, and surrounded by log lines of uniformed policemen while as many more of the tools of the city administration in citizens' clothing filled the hall, ready to obey Goebel's, throttled the convention and forced it either to nominate Goebel or stay there all summer. In my judgment from the moment they secured the permanent organization and had the entire police of Louisville placed at their command, no other result was possible, no other nomination would ever have been allowed or announced.

When the convention adjourned it was found that Goebel had placed at the head of your State Central Committee one of the chief actors in a bloody mountain feud that disgraced our State and crimsoned the soil of Rowan county with the blood of her citizens. Can any one doubt Goebel's purpose to inaugurate a reign of terror in the State and make every Democrat his abject slave? Kentucky is on trial. What will she do about it? We boast much of our manhood and our honor and look down on our colder blooded brethren of the north with the idea that they care more for business than for such things. Will we be able to compare favorably with them after the November election? A few years ago when New York was a close and doubtful State, a Republican candidate secured the nomination for Governor by fraudulent agencies, but which in comparison with the method

used pursued in our late convention were highly honorable. The people of that State beat him by 200,000 majority. Will our people display as high a sense of honor? Of course most of those who seek office will cry out to stand by the nominee, no matter how the nomination was secured, but surely the people who only do the voting and who do not want or expect office, will not consent to this great crime against manhood and free government.

We have fallen upon perilous times indeed. The Courier-Journal, long cherished by many as the representative of our people, lured by the hope of the public printing and other patronage that will come to it through Goebel's triumph, has become the avowed champion of fraud, force and duplicity, while it holds its peculiar champion before the young men of Kentucky as an example for them to imitate. God help the state if our young men yield to such infamous advice and consent to follow such an example.

As a citizen and a Democrat I shall not be deterred by the boast of the machine men that they will steal the election, no matter how the people vote. I never scratched a Democratic ticket in my life, never voted for a Republican, but I realize that if the Democratic party does not hold in its ranks sufficient honest vitality to punish and rebuke this great wrong and save the State from the threatened danger, it ought to perish. To help rebuke that wrong and save for the future our party I intend to vote for the Republican candidate for Governor this fall, and I appeal to the conservative, the intelligent and the honest manhood of our State to do the same and make the majority too high to steal, and by perfect organization make it dangerous to attempt to steal it.

Yours, W. C. OWENS.

ALL HAPPY IN THE END.

"Now, my dear Franz, let us get back to the old subject, the lovely Gretchen. It has become plain to me you do not love her any more than you love your pipe."

"That is considerable," said Franz. "Yes, but it won't do. Now, let us talk as man to man. You love her but for the sake of money she will bring you, which would be \$1,000, with which you would set yourself up in the turning business. Her father favors you and dislikes me. Now, as money is the idea, I will give you, hard cash in hand, \$1,500 to take yourself out of the way."

Now it happened, is frequently the case, that the fair Gretchen liked the better looking man of the two, despite his spice of gaiety. Her father, however, was so dead set against him that it was impossible for him to visit her openly, and so the two had recourse to stratagem. They met in the dead of night out of the sound of the snore of her honorable father. She was shocked at the ease with which Franz let her go, and after pondering upon it, she became afraid that there was some little force in the transaction, and sure enough, three days afterward, during which her father had growled at the non-appearance of the lover, she startled her friend Carl by whispering in his ear that she was sure both she and her father were to remove from the city, as she had witnessed many strange movements which could not be accounted for in any other way.

"Hum, hum," thought that shrewd young man, "this will not do. Try to convince him by his fair daughter's prolonged misery, whispered this in her ear."

It worked well. The father was at first a trifle suspicious, but being finally convinced by his fair daughter's prolonged misery, whispered this in her ear:

"Don't be alarmed, my love. I am glad you are awaking to the merits of this estimable young man. He is not far off, only a hundred miles or so, and we will go to him. It is necessary that he should be held for the present, on account of the vengeance of some rascals whom he ruined, but he can not get on without you, and you may marry the dear boy as soon as you choose; and, to tell the truth, we have arranged to have the ceremony performed at the third station from this city by a friend of mine, who will get aboard the train at that point, so that when you arrive home you will be his wife. We shall travel in one of the new-fangled cars, so that we may have a compartment, all to ourselves, and in peace."

Carl started at this new evidence of the fallibility of mankind.

"He tried to cheat me out of my \$1,500, did he? Well, then, we'll see if we can't do some cheating on our own account."

The time came; the goods and chattels of the tobacco merchant were packed, and in the darkness of the night he smoked his parting pipe, sitting on a corded box containing his wardrobe, while Gretchen, pale and shivering, sat beside him, holding her satchel and looking anxiously at her finger, on which as yet no ring had appeared.

Meanwhile, strange things were going on at a few miles out of town. The virtuous Franz walked out of his lodgings and proceeded to the depot, chuckling. He was in his normal condition, half intoxicated.

At a dark part of the way he was jumped upon by a strong fellow, who took him up bodily and carried him to a stable in the rear of some buildings, preventing him from crying as he went. Carl took some leather straps from a harness and bound up the fellow very tight, and bandaged his mouth.

"Now we are likely to be even. You shall stay where you are until somebody finds you in the morning and I shall go and marry your intended wife. It was all found out, and I have half a mind to thrash you on the spot. It was a mean trick you attempted to play—intentionally meant—but we shall be even, my lad."

An hour later a train steamed into the station, and a man, with Franz's drunken gait, his cloak and cap, staggered into the rear compartment, where was the tobaccoist and his daughter and the minister.

It was necessary that the work should be done quickly, as the minister must get out at the next station. So they stood up, and in a few moments it was completed.

The minister and the train came to the station.

Carl and his wife are here.

"But you are not going to get out here, Franz," said the father.

"Yes," replied Carl, "as well here as anywhere."

All alighted. They went to the brilliantly lighted saloon. Carl took off his hat.

It blew over. All things blow over. Franz got \$15 damages for bruised

DESERTED CITY IN ONTARIO.

Bridgewater Without An Inhabitant to Admire Its Splendor.

In the county of North Hastings, Ont., is a deserted town called Bridgewater, which is built entirely of marble. About 25 years ago a farmer's wife was searching in the woods for a pig that had strayed away. In a particularly dense part of the forest she found a cold spring of crystal water, and stopped to drink from it. As she did so she slipped on a round stone and fell into the water. Attracted by the peculiar color of the stone, she fished it out and took it home. Investigation showed it to be a 20 pound nugget of almost pure gold.

Within six months the wilderness had blossomed into the thriving town of Bridgewater, with 5,000 inhabitants. There were old dry miners from the Pacific slope, Americans from Great Britain and the United States, prospectors from every field. Shasta and tunnels were driven by the hundreds. In the sinking of a shaft a mile south of the town, on a claim of B. Flint, of Belleville, who is now a member of the Canadian Senate, a vein of white marble was discovered. At the suggestion of Flint, who wanted little or nothing for the material, the town of Bridgewater was built of solid marble. It has even to this day a courthouse, school, church, hotel, stores and private dwellings constructed wholly of this material.

While the town was booming the entire country around was prospected. Some of the shafts and tunnels were driven more than a hundred feet in depth, but, remarkable as it may seem, there was never enough gold found to pay the cost of a single mine in the district.

The place where the original nugget was found was christened "Adam's Cave," and the land in its vicinity sold at fabulous prices. One farmer, whose farm adjoined the cave, sold five acres for \$100,000 cash. The syndicate spent another \$100,000 in developing the claim, but never obtained an ounce of free gold. An aged Irishman at Bridgewater, Patrick Keough, received an offer of \$75,000 for his farm, which consisted of a hundred acres of rock-piled, barren land. He refused the offer, holding out for \$150,000, which he never got. To-day any one could buy the property for \$1 an acre.

Within a couple of years it became apparent to all that mining in Bridgewater would never pay, and the prospectors and citizens departed, leaving the marble town to settle down to a future desolation.

An Epidemic of Diarrhoea.

Mr. A. Sanders, writing from Co. Coanant Grove, Fla., says there has been quite an epidemic of diarrhoea there. He had a severe attack and was cured by four doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says he also recommended it to others and they say it is the best medicine they ever used. For sale by J. H. Williams, Druggist.

A Frightful Blunder.

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Blue Cure on Earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. H. Williams, Druggist.

Democracy's New Organ.

We congratulate the Goebelles on their acquisition of two papers, both daily. Bill Haldeman has at last forced Henry Watterson to recognize him as the controlling force in the Courier Journal, and has carried it into the Goebel camp. In our opinion it will stay there only until the defeat of Goebel, when Haldeman and Watterson can resume their financial connection with sound money Democracy.

They have betrayed every party and every leader that ever trusted them. The Courier Journal preached and betrayed free silver. It praised and betrayed Cleveland. It fawned on and wrecked Carlisle. It insisted on Hindman's nomination, and then deserted him. In its new columns it gave Goebel all the assistance it could command, and to increase that service Watterson denounced the Goebel election law in unmeasured terms. Now it calls Goebel a veritable Moses, who is to lead the national organization out of the wilderness into the promised land.

It is a miserable story throughout of greed and professional debauchery, and a most humiliating spectacle: Watterson writing under orders from Bill Haldeman and no longer master of the journal. Here is an article on this situation from the Lexington Herald, which simply expresses the views of the press of Kentucky:

"The first province of a newspaper is to print the truth, uncolored by bias or partisanship. The Louisville Courier Journal and the Louisville Times, both owned by the Haldemans, color every report to favor Goebel. As newspapers they have proven themselves false and untrustworthy, however successful they may be as organs of Mr. Goebel and defenders of Judge Redwine."

"Though every report in the news columns of both the Courier-Journal and the Times has been colored to aid Mr. Goebel, there has not been a line in the editorial columns of the former in regard to the convention in Louisville. The Courier was once a great paper, it had opinions and dared express them; its editorials gave it reputation and prestige. Now it seems that its editors are mere puppets who dance or keep silent as young Will Haldeman directs. It left the Bryan Democracy and supported Palmer and Buckner; it professed to support Capt. Haldeman, and on the eve of election day deserted him and those who had believed in it; it is now engaged in a disgraceful and disreputable attempt to force Mr. Goebel upon the Democratic party, and through its news columns falsifies the daily reports of actual happenings."

We doubt if the latest "flop" will re-establish the Courier-Journal in the confidence of any faction of the party. It is too well known and too thoroughly hated. Goebel has no personal following; he is a mere slave driver, and the Courier-Journal will find that he can not restore its lost subscribers. Goebellism may triumph for a season, but the Courier-Journal is doomed for its own unpardonable sins.—Post.

If the man who worries will only peep over the fence he will see others with burdens far heavier to bear. Most every fellow thinks his load the heavier, but take a look at the other poor devils striving to eek out an existence and you will change your mind. Next time you think you are having the hardest time which ever befell mortal man, peep in at the country newspaper man and you will conclude at once that you are in clover.

CANCER IS DEADLY!

Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a mere scratch, a pimple, or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed. Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

The wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were considered incurable, induced a few physicians to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:

"Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a slater and an agent having died from this dreadful disease. My feelings may be imagined when the horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way as to cause great alarm. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever. The Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I knew how deadly Cancer is, especially in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed. Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

Our book on Cancer, containing other testimonials and valuable information, will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some plan of some kind to help the poor? Who can think of some plan of some kind to help the poor? Who can think of some plan of some kind to help the poor?

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